Ser Vp.

Ro. Whither to supper.

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeede I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My Maister is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:
And these who often drownd, could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue? the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysde with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.

Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse, *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I had her, come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God for bid, Where's this Girle? what* Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a wh
talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I hau
me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest n
of a pretty age.

Nurse. *Faith I can tell her Age vnto an houre.*

Wife. Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, & yet to my tee*
I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.
How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. *Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeere come L*
night shall she be fourteene. Susan *and she, God rest all C*
were of an age. Well Susan *is with God, shee was too goo*
as I said on Lammas *Eue at night shall shee bee fourte*
shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Ear
eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it,
of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid worm
dug sitting in the Sunne *vnder the Doue house wall. C*
you were then at Mantua, *nay I doe beare a braine.*
when it did tast the worme-wood on the nipple of my
felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie and fall out
Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no neede I trow to bi
and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then shee cou
nay bi'throode she could haue runne and wadled all ab
the day before she broke her brow, and then my Husban
his soule, a was a merry man, tooke vp the child, yea q
t'ou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when
wes, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holydam, the pre*
crying, and said I: to see now how a Iest shall come abou
and I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forge
not Iule *quoth he' and pretty foole it stinted, and said I,*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy pe

Nurse *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh*
sh uld leaue crying and say I: and yet I warrant it had
b mpe as big as a you g Cockrels stone? a perilous kno. k
bitterly. Y.a quoth my husband, falist vpon thy face,